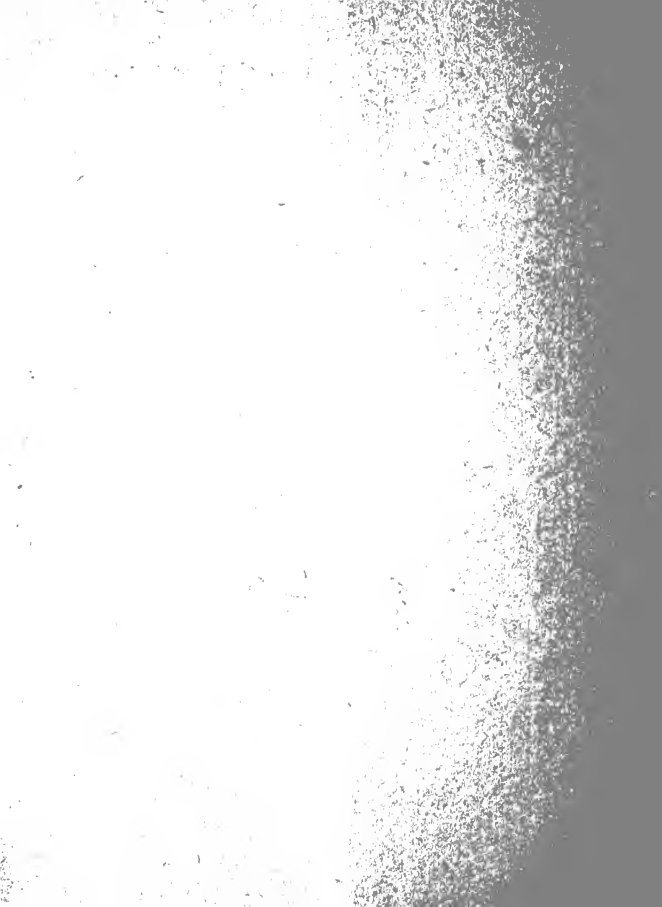


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T H E
HEART:
BROKEN
LOVER

Harry C. Freeman







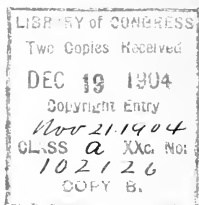


THE
HEART - BROKEN
LOVER

A TRUE NARRATIVE

BY

Harry C. Freeman



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1904

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PREFACE

This poem was commenced Monday, Oct. 24, '04 and finished Saturday, Oct. 29, '04.

The first thirty verses are written retrospectively, but with the sentiment, as if being written, at the time the therein described, transpired.

Surely the omnipotent hand of God was upon the poet, for little did he think, when commencing this work that it would grow to such dimensions, or even end, such as it has.

HARRY C. FREEMAN.



The Heart-Broken Lover

While looking back o'er days and months
I fancy I see thy smiling face,
And hear the words that thou spake once,
Which never can be retraced.

I hear the fire upon the hearth,
And now and then the bell a ringing,
Where love met love and heart met heart,
And all was holy singing.

And when the evening work was done,
And all the toils were laid aside,
Then you the one I somehow won
Was there confiding at my side.

There many a night we did spend,
And many a smile exchanged,
Little knowing how that would end,
Little knowing the Master's aim.

THE HEART-BROKEN LOVER

And many an hour you did spend,
Upon the steps yet not forlorn,
For another was there to attend
Until the wee, wee hours of morn.

Yes many an hour was sweetly passed,
When the golden sun to rest had gone,
When the moon o'er hill and spire passed,
Caring little we still grew fond.

Caring little we went aside,
To whisper sweetest words of love,
Thinking little what might betide,
Yes betwixt me and thee my love.

Yet don't forget the day and hour;
When reading this my dear, will you;
When looking up you sweetly said,
"I wonder if, always, you'll be true?"

THE HEART-BROKEN LOVER

And don't my dear forget the days,
When walking by the seaside,
Although remembering brighter days;
Remember I was at thy side.

Remember that upon your birthday
Pleasures untold we did enjoy,
While straying down the watered way,
Where there was no one to annoy.

And thus along the noisy seashore
Walked we arm in arm along,
Yet always with a kiss in store
To supplement our little song.

Then finally at last arrived
At your dear home so bright and sweet,
Where all the children there do strive
Their Nettie once again to meet.

THE HEART-BROKEN LOVER

But soon the evening sun was low
And fast was sinking to his rest,
To soon be hiding as a roe
In the many colored west.

Thus soon we wend along the way
While the sun to rest was going,
While the rays of fading day
O'er hill and dale was faintly glowing.

Soon the moon, a crescent in the sky,
Shown bright and clear with golden light
While you, my Nettie dear, and I
Stood loving on that sacred night.

But soon the time had come to part
When I to my dwelling must go,
But yet not with a broken heart
For yours that night was all aglow.

THE HEART-BROKEN LOVER

I fancy I see thee, as we say,
When parting on that solemn night:
“Goodbye my dear, ’til another day;
God be with you, ’twill all be right.”

And as we both our heads turn back
And not even a smile decline,
Onward we travel yet not with lack
Of love so true and so sublime.

I see you as you travel home,
Yes you and your sister too,
Until dispersed by space and dome
Your forms departed are lost to view.

No doubt, as while your path retrace,
Your heart goes back to one you love,
Whose heart was warm and full of grace
Whose eyes were set on things above.

THE HEART-BROKEN LOVER

But a day or so has now elapsed
Since I my love you last did see,
And when we meet our hands we clasp
And O how happy now are we.

Yes happy now my dear are we,
Yes happy now to meet at home,
Yet we a fairer land do see
Where angels fly from dome to dome.

And now and then we took a stroll
Upon the hillside's gentle slope,
That we a heart might then unfold
With faces bright and full of hope.

But when the evening time was sown
The saddest of all the day,
'Twas now our time to be alone
'Twas now the time to go our way.

THE HEART-BROKEN LOVER

Soon once again your presence I seek
Where hours afore I bid you goodbye,
And finding you there just so sweet
Came back the words 'twill not untie.

This time I do not leave thee behind,
For you my dear with me depart,
And we in the city do recline
Trusting in each others heart.

And soon upon another birthday,
We for your blessed home depart,
Caring little what others say
For we have gained the better part.

And this the brightest day of life
I strive to be the greater,
That I may win a noble wife
And please my Heavenly Maker.

THE HEART-BROKEN LOVER

O bless the Eternal Spirit,
O how happy was that day,
When you my love did fear it
That I might sometime stray away.

Then once again the way was trodden,
But not alone nor yet in vain,
For coming gains of Modern Sodom
Seemed not to cast an endless pain.

And many an hour was sweetly spent,
When we the others pleasure brought,
Yet now does seem almost to rent
Since I in vain your presence sought.

Soon life began a face to wear
So different and yet sō true,
O suffer not a heart to tear,
My Nettie dear, will you, will you?

THE HEART-BROKEN LOVER

And yet dear one we oft do learn
 'To sit and hear from our great tutor,
But hear my dear what does concern
 This one if ever a suitor.

Truly the words that once you spake,
 Surely never can be recalled,
Yet I my life would risk at stake
 And even with my all in all.

Yes risk my life upon your word
 For you have won the greater part.
And stand and take anothers sword,
 Rather than break your loving heart.

Dear one you know how you did groan
 When I before my doubts did bring,
Fearing perhaps you'd go alone
 You fell like a bird with broken wing.

THE HEART-BROKEN LOVER

But the melancholy days are come,
Yes the saddest of all the year,
Yet my feelings will never grow dumb
For my heart grows fond and dear.

Dear one I know there's pain in life
So look to Him who knows thine ill,
And cease to live in restless strife,
'Twill not be long His holy will.

I hear thee say O I am tired
Of this poor life of pain and woe,
Yet God has promised all desired,
Unless perchance 'twould be a foe.

I hear thee say I've longed to go
To my reward so sweet and precious:
But better save some soul from woe
And from the grave pernicious.

THE HEART-BROKEN LOVER

Think of me whose heart your breaking,
Think of me so tried and true,
All this for one like you I'm taking.
O can it be from one like you ?

Is God the only one to trust
In this old world of sin and pain,
When coming pains do seem to thrust
An arrow through my weakened brain?

As a bird with broken pinion
Never soars as high again,
Neither he whose heart is breaking
Except his love revives again.

When looking back I hear me say
Of joys so sweet and true,
Can this, can this, last all the day
By trusting in a girl like you ?

THE HEART-BROKEN LOVER

I fancy I hear a voice so sweet,
 Answer back, "She will never break
A heart that's at the mercy-seat,
 But true she'll be for her lover's sake."

Is all of this a fancied dream,
 Or all of this so seeming vain,
Nothing but a life so lean,
 Destitute of heart and brain?

Does surely seem as if delusion,
 Yet all things once so bright and fair
Was destitute of all confusion,
 While hopes were brightening yes so fair.

Yes many a painful sleepless night,
 Your acquaintance has surely brought,,
Yet still I'm striving to do the right,
 And change the scene so lately wrought.

THE HEART-BROKEN LOVER

Well do I know this night dispersed
How I upon my bed did toss,
And did the times of joy rehearse
That once were counted all but loss.

This same pleasure O how sweetly
Falls the words upon mine ear,
Like a strain of far off music
In the night time sweet and clear.

Now this the saddest day of life
Brings the news O yes that broke,
This poor heart so full of strife
From its former sacred yoke.

O can it be that you would fail
To trust in God when all doth shake,
And trust in self your ship to sail,
But worst of all your promise break?

THE HEART-BROKEN LOVER

This day my life does seem to toss,
When days before it seemed to seal
A life that now I fear a loss,
To me not only doth reveal.

Then when your letter I did read
Like a leaf in summer hot,
I wilt away as if indeed
I'd surely die in my sad lot.

But O the agony and pain
Still hovers o'er and that to tear
This poor weakened heart and brain
That once was bright O yes so fair.

O sad is the day that's nearly gone,
O dark is the night that's soon to come,
That brings two lovers now forlorn
The words so sad, undone, undone.

THE HEART-BROKEN LOVER

My sister comes soon from far away
And tries in vain to soothe my heart,
Little knowing O what to say
To one that's pierced with such a dart.

Now soon the day that seemed so long
That brought to me a broken heart,
Has ended with its painful song,
Has given place for anothers start.

Another painful restless night
I've passed to view another morn,
I see the faces clear and bright
That know not what it is to mourn.

Still this poor heart is sad and lone
'Twill not be healed within a day,
For seeds of pain so lately sown
Will ne'er be reaped through ending day.

THE HEART-BROKEN LOVER

Well do I know 'tis not because
Of lack of love that you depart,
But O a sob and then a pause
Comes forth from this poor bleeding heart.

O can it be that God would part
These hearts once bound in sacred love,
Or even suffer such a dart
To come down from the skys above?

But praise the Lord for one bright ray
That comes through rayless night of gloom
For we true friends remain each day
With hopes beyond the darksome tomb.

I've often said how can it be
That one so pure should bear all this,
When you dear one was once so free,
But now returns O not such bliss.

THE HEART-BROKEN LOVER

It surely cannot be reward
For anything that you have done,
But surely if you please your Lord
Well can you say, "My course is run."

It may be for, to save lost souls
From that dark pit, O yes so deep;
Where the bell of hope ne'er tolls,
Where there, their sowings they do reap.

Although 'tis hard I know to bear
And suffer with such aches and pain,
Yet Jesus' sufferings we must share
For He died, O not in vain.

'Tis but a lesson you must learn
So ever strive to do the right,
For truly, does this not concern
The One who sees the future bright?

THE HEART-BROKEN LOVER

But now I wake on another morn
And view the things that, once a token,
Fail to comfort a heart that's torn,
Yes, a heart so sad and broken.

I do not write these lines to turn
A girl like you from thoughts in view,
Nor even do I try to spurn
My affections back to you.

But still I love you, yes so true,
For you have been so much to me,
So rest upon my word, will you?
And I the same will do for thee.

You know that I your promise hold
And I on your word rely,
For you before, in days of old,
Gave me your word, on which I'd die.

THE HEART-BROKEN LOVER

And when upon my bed I lie
With bleeding heart and sore with pain,
I think of thee and, O I sigh,
“Is all of this, so real, in vain?”

What now appears as disappointment
And even cuts so deep a wound,
Some day I'll see 'twas His appointment
And with the ransomed I'll be found.

So now my letter I will close
With heart so sad, too sad to cry.
Expecting to see you there with those,
I bid you dear, goodbye! goodbye!









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